Sooner



We are clear
Hungry
Our visions are lonely

See me

Am

Guilty

I am sorry

I am strong



Blooms know the sky

Coyotes know the sky

Individuals Wish the future

Capacity



Right

They are wrong

It is quiet

You call it I will listen

Light in the house Darkness in the camp

The land is a mass



I was awful

At the bottom of the lake

Motivated by visions

It was November 20th

I sat and I was taken by and by

Son clean
Jeans and a tee shirt
Chips and alcohol



Hero Floats

We got you We follow

The public is necessary

Do not reject this

Minutes and minutes

Mine

Mom



Ten nine eight seven five four three two one zero

Know

I will listen

You call it



The night saw the happy sorrow was a fool Old years

The night came and showed them a new object

Within

Without

Feeling the light

Waiting when

Fighting

the light

He Fight

Fought

Delight

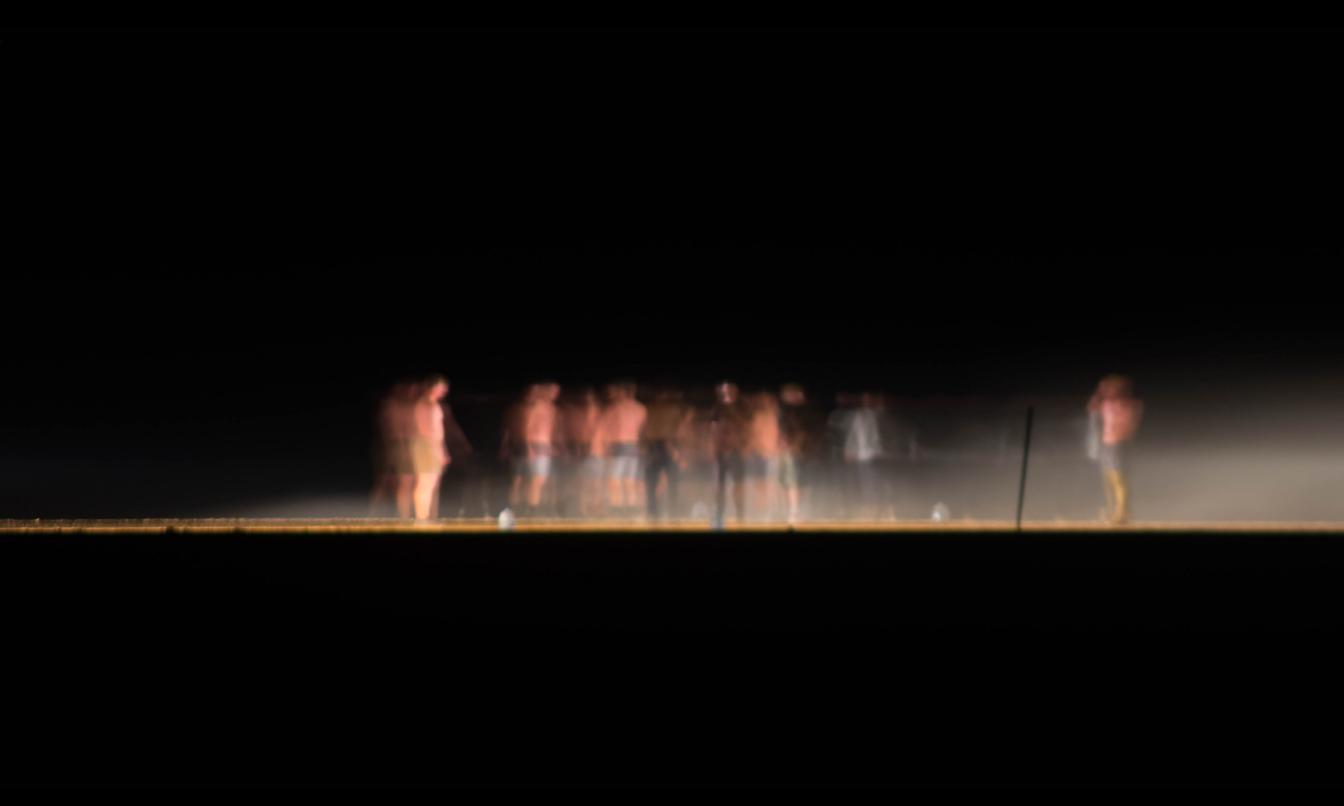
underneath

Cut

doubt

in

Sight



A Plea Informs the wicked
The man has charges
Blind guide

We create a new bond All vast possibilities are great

Bonds give meaning

I was the problem

Nothing is happening

The past is not wrong

He tells the joy to speak



We

All

End

Together

Lovely

He is home He is good

